



Doctor WHO



EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY FOR TOMORROW WE DIE! - INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBS OF THE UNKNOWN WEIGHTWATCHER.



WEIGHT-A-WAY! THE HEALTH CLUB AT THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY! WHY DOES ITS VERY NAME FILL ME WITH FOREBODING?

SLIMMER!



LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH, BUT I'VE HEARD SOME CURIOUS RUMOURS ABOUT THIS CLUB... DISAPPEARANCES... GUESTS BOOKING IN BUT NEVER BOOKING OUT...

"I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE A CLOSER LOOK..."



TRING!
TRING!

HELLO!
SERVICE!



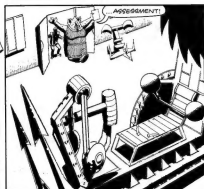
CAN I HELP YOU?

Culpit!

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HORRIBLE! THE
JACUZZI SWALLOWED
HIM ALIVE!



WHA...?

AH, DOCTOR, THE GROMUNGUS
AWAITS YOUR COMPANY
FOR DINNER!



TAKE HIM TO THE
FEEDING PIT!



FEEDING PIT? I
DON'T LIKE THE
SOUND OF THAT, AND
WHO, OR WHAT, IS
THE GROMUNGUS?



GREETINGS, DOCTOR! I AM THE
GROMUNGUS! GALACTIC GASTRONOME!
EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL EPICURE! GOURMOND
SUPREME! - BUT YOU CAN CALL ME
"SLIM."



FOR TOO LONG
HAS MY JACUZZI
FED ME THE FAT
OF FLABBY
HUMANOID. AT
LAST I CAN FEAST
UPON AN ALIEN
WORTH OF MY
TASTEBUDS!

OH
DEAR!

MEETING YOU HAS BEEN
A PLEASURE - BUT EATING
YOU WILL BE EVEN
BETTER!





NEXT:

NINEVAH!